



THE WORLD'S PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



GETTING EDUCATED

"I don't want to go back to school," said Ted, dolefully. "I've missed so much this winter. I'll be way behind. Might as well start next fall in Lumbina's class."

His voice was bitter, because Lumbina was his sister, two years younger than he.

"Cheer up," sang out Jerry, his older brother. "What's the dirt if you are in Lumbina's class? Education isn't made up of marks and recitations and classes. It's what you know and have learned. See? Now I'm going to lend you my encyclopedia and tell school starts next fall I want you to learn one thing every week. Choose whatever subject you please and read up on it. Then come and tell me all you have learned about it. That's getting educated."

Ted believed Jerry, and considered him one of the smartest persons on earth, so he never thought of arguing, but took the large, heavy volume to the sun-parlor and began his education then and there.

Spring fever was in the air, and Ted found it hard to concentrate his mind. There were so many subjects in the four large volumes. He turned over the pages and read "HISTORY" and there he looked at the pictures.

"Oh, hum!" he yawned. "I wish an education wasn't so hard to get! Wish you could buy it, or eat it, or soak it on your head like a mustard plaster or go find it somewhere, Hello!"

He said, "Hello!" because something very strange had happened. The four large volumes had been lying in a row on the window seat, but now one of them was standing up—not like books usually stand, it was on its spindly legs. And that wasn't all. The printing on the back had changed to something like this:

"Wh-what Do You Mean?" Inquired Ted, surprised.

"I got all that about him!" cried Ted exultingly, "and part of Constantine, a city of Algeria."

"Ah!" sighed the volume very sadly, and suddenly grew stiff and hard. Ted thought he might risk one more bite, but when he touched Con to Har, he found he was too late, the book was a book again and not at all edible.

"Now, Har to Mun," he asked expectantly, turning to the third volume, "but are you going to do?"

In response the volume gave a lurch or two and then began to turn yellow and mushy. Then a sharp voice said:

"Hurry up there. I'm not going to put up with any nonsense!"

Ted looked doubtfully at the huge mustard plaster which was once the dignified volume number three of the encyclopedia. It looked strong enough to burn a fellow's hair off. He'd be a mess going around with no hair, but he decided to try it for a second and see what would happen. So taking hold of the large stinky plaster, he laid it on his head.



Instantly a hundred red-hot needles seemed to pierce his skull, and he violently shook his head. It felt with a third to the floor.

"Let's see, what did I get out of that?" Ted inquired, running anxious fingers through his hair. "Ah, Harmony! Three pages about Harmony. Now that was great. I'll study the rest easy. Or maybe I'll have another chance at these queer folks. No telling. But I'll never have anything to do with A to Con!"

"I wouldn't!" said a jolly voice, and glancing up he saw a strange thing. The last volume, Mun to Zym, was standing before him on wheels like a bicycle, the back of the book forming a seat.

"Hop on, kid!" it called cheerily. "Let's away to the land of know!"

"Then you can find it?" cried Ted, delightedly, and in two shakes he was aboard the strange vehicle.

They sped through the sun-parlor into the living room and Ted managed to steer the thing with his heels to the front door. But the door was closed, and instead of waiting to open it, Mun to Zym just crashed through, scraping its rider off.

"Biff! Ouch!" cried Ted, and looking about with wild eyes. "Oh, hello! Here I am!"

And there he was, on the floor of the sun-parlor with Har to Mun on his knees, and the other volumes scattered near.

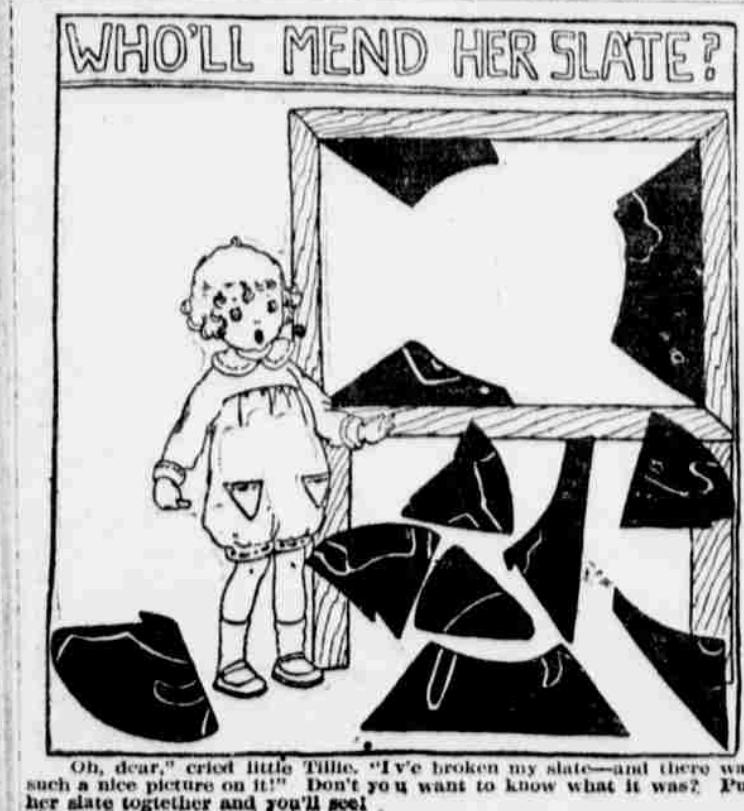
"Some dream! But, shucks, I'm sorry I fell off. I know something was going to happen."

He looked at the volumes.

"Well," he grunted, "I guess Jerry was right. Motto."

"There's only one way to put things in your mind."

"An' that's grind, grind, grind!"



Oh, dear, cried little Tille. "I've broken my slate—and there was such a nice one on it! Don't you want to know what it was? Put her slate together and you'll see!"

Cromwell's Love of Fun.

It is told of Oliver Cromwell, the English leader and soldier, that he had a great love of fun, which he would indulge often at the expense of others, according to the impulse of the moment. An example of this trait is shown in the following incident. Cromwell had a very beautiful daughter, and at the time he came into power in England one of his attendants took a great fancy to this young lady. One day Cromwell went into his daughter's room and was surprised to see his page on his knees making a declaration of his love to her.

"What does this mean?" demanded Cromwell.

"May it please your worship," stammered the frightened page, "I have another daddy and a mamma," the youngster said, "I have not seen them for a long time. I used to live with my other daddy—he had an automobile, and I had a brother named Roy and a sister, too. I don't know her name."

"Where did you come from Harry?"

"I don't know," the boy replied. "I came here on a train."

Edwards and Gillham turned around to ask "Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson" for an explanation of the boy's remarks.

The couple had fled. That was several weeks ago. Police since have combed midwestern cities for the pair. They cannot be found.

Prisoner Wins Heart Of Guards With Violin

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Winning over the hearts of his prison guards by his accomplished rendition of well-known violin compositions, after he had been condemned to the Siberian penal colonies, was the experience related here today by Young, youthful American violinist, who is back in Los Angeles.

The violinist, though but 21 years of age, has had an adventurous career. He was born in Chicago and lived there until he was 13 years old, when his mother died and his father sent him to Russia to further his study in music. He was continuing his studies in Russia when the war broke out and though too young to join the service, spent much time entertaining soldiers. One day he played a recital for the czar's family only to be thrown in jail a few days thereafter by the red guards.

After persuading the guards not to destroy his instrument, the lad entertained them daily with concerts. Finally, he says, the commanding officer at the prison told him he would aid him to escape.

The escape was effected by disguising himself and permission to leave the prison. He made his way to Poland but, after the fashion in which he escaped the Russians, was able to make his way into the American lines.

An Expected Trouble.

The home brew had been brought out and disposed of, and now for two hours Blake and his friend had been expecting the worst.

"Shay, Billy!"

"Whisper masher?"

"Th-they shay if you look 'em straight in th-eye, th-they won't bite you."

Puzzle Corner

A Geographical Poet.

TAKE—

2-8 of a Chinese city.

2-8 of one of the U. S. A.

1-6 of a European country.

1-6 of a Brazilian city.

2-7 of a city in Pennsylvania.

And find a famous English poet.

Three Letter Square Words.

ANSWER

A Geographical Poet.

SHANGHAI. KENTUCKY. S-PAIN.

PE-RI-AN. READING. SHAKESPEARE.

Three Letter Square Words.

JAY. AYE. COD.

ALB. PAL. ONE.

YES. ELM. DEL.

Identity of Lost Boy Puzzles Kansas City

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Who is "Harry Wilson?"

Police, federal officials and welfare workers of the midwest have joined in an effort to answer that question.

For "Harry Wilson"—such is the name given the 4-year-old youngster found asleep on a doorstep here some weeks ago—claims to have two mamma and two daddies, one of them "just awful awful kind," with an automobile and everything, while the other—but that is "Harry Wilson's" story.

The dramatic tragedy of the little fellow's life, as far as the solution of his true identity is concerned, opened on a doorstep here more than three weeks ago.

"A lost boy," police said when notified.

They questioned the lad.

"My name's Harry Wilson," he said, adding—"that is, sometimes. But sometimes I'm Johnny Taylor, and I used to live just Buster, and once, I remember, I had another name, but I don't remember it any more."

Then police found a Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson.

They were carnival people. The woman claimed the child as her son.

"Sure, He's My Kid!"

Later the man was found.

"Sure, he's my kid," he said. Charles Edwards, police chief, and E. C. Gillham, chief of probation officers, questioned the couple.

Both were dark. The woman—with jet black hair, eyes that flashed—spoke broken English. She was a Russian, she said. The man also was dark. He had brown eyes. He, too, speaks with a foreign accent.

Little "Harry Wilson" is a striking blond type, with deep blue eyes. His English is perfect for a child of four. He does not resemble the couple who claimed him in any particular.

Edwards and Gillham brought the couple to the detention home to see the boy.

"Harry Wilson" upon sight of them fled.

"No, no, no!" he cried. "I will never go to them—I do not love them—they are my second daddy and mamma. I don't want them! I have another daddy and a mamma," the youngster said. "I have not seen them for a long time. I used to live with my other daddy—he had an automobile, and I had a brother named Roy and a sister, too. I don't know her name."

"Where did you come from Harry?"

"I don't know," the boy replied. "I came here on a train."

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Child Is Bright.

The child is exceptionally bright for his years.

He is tawny haired, blue eyed and very fair. He is coy and retiring. He answers best to the name "Buster."

"My other daddy always called me that," he explains.

Gillham described the child's actions when he was brought into the presence of the woman who claimed to be "Mrs. Harry Wilson."

"I don't want to go with her—I won't go!" the little fellow said. "I want to go with my first daddy. Then the little fellow ran to the room given him at the detention home and buried his head in the pillows.

The English child uses is nothing short of remarkable.

He seldom slips into baby talk and shows training in correct speech. In deep contrast to the language of the couple claiming him.

Unless "Harry Wilson" is identified by his pictures authorities believe he will remain "a lost boy."

Chief Edwards holds hope that some vagrant remembrance, some chance remark may recall to the little fellow his former home, or the name of "his first daddy and mamma."



Sometimes somebody used to call me "Johnny Taylor," I don't know who called me that.

I have a brother who used to live with my first daddy, and his name was Roy. I have a sister who lived with Roy, but I don't know her name.

I will not go away with my second mamma and daddy, for I do not like them. I like my first mamma best.

By Charles Edwards.

Kansas City (Mo.) Police Chief, Welfare for International News Service.

KANSAS CITY—Can you help us solve the identity of "Harry Wilson?"

The boy is four years old. He has flaxen, straw-colored hair. His eyes are deep blue. He is very fair. For a child four years old he is exceptionally bright, speaking without a baby lisp, and uses English which would do credit to any boy of three times his age.

We found him on a door step here. He says he has two fathers and two mothers. The couple who claimed him here disappeared while we were questioning the little fellow in their presence. Both ran away when he said, "I want my first mamma and daddy."

The police are convinced this child has been stolen from some distant city.

I believe some father is grieving; some mother's heart is breaking for the feel of this little fellow's arms. Do you know him? If you do communicate with me.

By "Harry Wilson."

"Lost Boy of Mystery."

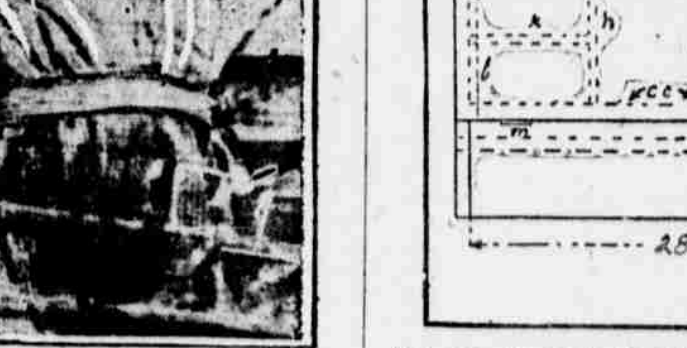
I don't know who I am, or who my mamma or daddies are. I've got two of each. One of them called me "Harry Wilson." That was the last daddy and mamma I had.

I used to have another daddy who called me "Buster."

"I don't know who he was, but he was an awful, awful nice daddy. He had an automobile. My other mamma was awful, awful nice, too. I came to this town in a train. It was from a long way off."

Claims This Is Photo of Spirit

"Spirit photo" taken by Mrs. Mary Haug of her daughter, Isabella, and her uncle, William Henry Vreeland, killed 10 years ago, at the left.



NEWARK, N. J.—Almost two years ago Mrs. Mary Haug took a snapshot of her daughter Isabella on the porch of their home during a party in honor of her fifth anniversary.

The film was developed at the corner drug store. When the print was developed she found a spectral-like figure in one corner.

Then she put it away. The other day she was reading of the exhibit of "spirit photos" taken by William Haug of Crewe, England, and brought here by Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Then she brought out the photo. She doesn't try to explain it. Naturally little Isabella cannot explain it. She is a spiritualist and like Sir Conan and Sir Oliver Lodge, she looks on the photograph as a thing not to be explained but merely accepted.

The "spirit photo" is a likeness of her uncle, who died 10 years ago, as he looked on his deathbed.

Isabella is shown on the porch and the picture suggests a double exposure as the child appears to be seen through her body.

Beside her is a clear picture of a man in bed in a hospital night dress about 60 years old and with the bandaged stump of an arm visible.

"That man is my uncle, William Henry Vreeland, who died 10 years ago," Mrs. Haug says, "and he died just as he is in the photo. Skeptics declare that the photo has all the earmarks of a double exposure. But they are at loss to explain the photo of the man dead 10 years.

The BARNYARD BULLY

You can say what you please, but I never will believe that I was ever as little and featherless as this half-naked chicken baby; and to tell me that I came out of an egg, is simply ridiculous, as it would take an egg as big as peck measure to hold me, as there are 10 such eggs. It follows that I couldn't have been one.

No, I'm a Cochon China rooster, and have been ever since I can remember, and can recall no time in my life when I wasn't as big as I am now, and just as many feathers. I am about the size and weight of an average turkey gobbler, and can whip anything that wears feathers, that is, since that biggity game cock has been sold and taken away. And I believe I could have licked him if he had fought fair, but instead of just pecking and beating with his wings, he would fling his head up in the air and stab right and left with a murderous pair of spurs that were as sharp pointed as icepicks, and almost as long. But I'm thankful to say he is gone, and every other rooster in the yard goes the other way when they see me coming. I'm not what you would call an expert fighter, but I win by main strength and awkwardness.

If I can manage to throw my weight against an opponent, he has no more chance than if a ton of coal had been dumped on him. It is a great feeling to know that you are the "cock of the walk," and that the men folk fear you, and that all of the hens think you are the finest fellow that ever wore green tail feathers. Yes, the hens like me and show it very plainly by preferring my company to that of the Rhode Island Red or the black Minorca. My deep bass voice is what



gets them, and when I say "cut-a-cut-a!" way down in my throat they will drop anything they may be doing and come a-running to see what I have found and what I'm going to give them. If it is a big fat worm that I have scratched up, wait until the foremost one is almost there, when I pick it up and swallow it myself. Not a very nice way to treat ladies, but they have been fooled so many times in the same way, that I don't really believe they expect to be given anything. That's one thing about a hen, they never learn from experience, and I can fool the same bunch 20 times in an hour.

I straighten up I am head and shoulders above every other fowl in the yard and my breast stands out as round as a 10-cent balloon, and my comb and wattles

look as if they had been freshly dipped in blood, and radiantly red as they. The feathers grow down and cover my feet and legs and then spread out on the ground and make me look as if I was walking on feather dusters. I think it is a great deal nicer to have feathered legs than to have the scales all showing as they do in the case of most chickens. I wish you could hear me crow on a cold still, moonlight night, just as the town clock strikes 12. I have gotten so that I do not vary more than a minute or so from the clocks and some people who live within sound of my voice don't bother with clocks any more, but depend on me to let them know when midnight comes. When crowing time comes I stand up and skip the roost first, no bigger than my head, stretch my bill to the utmost and just let it roll out. My crow is not exactly musical, as it is a kind of a cross between a bass horn and a caw, and it is the carrying power of a foghorn in distress, and on a still night can be heard a mile. When I am crowing it makes me awful mad to have the Hens peep at me, and I go the dramatic, to cut in with my shrill treble. Such a voice actually makes me ashamed of my sex. There is much more social life in the barnyard, now-days since incubators have come into use and chickens are raised by machinery. It used to be that the hens spent three weeks hatching out the eggs, and then two or three more weeks taking care of the yellow chicks. But now it is all different, and all the hens have to do is to lay the eggs and the incubators do the rest. This gives the hens plenty of time for visiting around and acting as lay delegates to conventions and the like. Now if the hens could only rig up some phonograph arrangement and attach it to the nest, so that when an egg touched it, a spring would go off and set the machine to cackling, their life would be as nearly an ideal one as could be possible in a world like this.

Spinach With Egg.

Spinach is a valuable food because it contains a large quantity of iron. It helps make rosy cheeks and strong muscles. One very nice way to cook it is as follows:

Cut the tough root off each head of spinach.

Wash carefully in two changes of water (more needed, as some spinach is sandy).

Cut into pieces about two inches long.

Drop into the pan in which it is to be cooked. Some water will drain off so add only a scant cupful.

Cook till tender, 20 minutes will be plenty.

By this time about all the water should have cooked away. Some folks cook spinach in a lot of water which they drain off and throw away, thus losing most of the valuable mineral. The correct way is to use but little water and let what little water there may be left over stay on the spinach.

Lift to a warm serving dish.

In the meantime boil two eggs for 20 minutes.

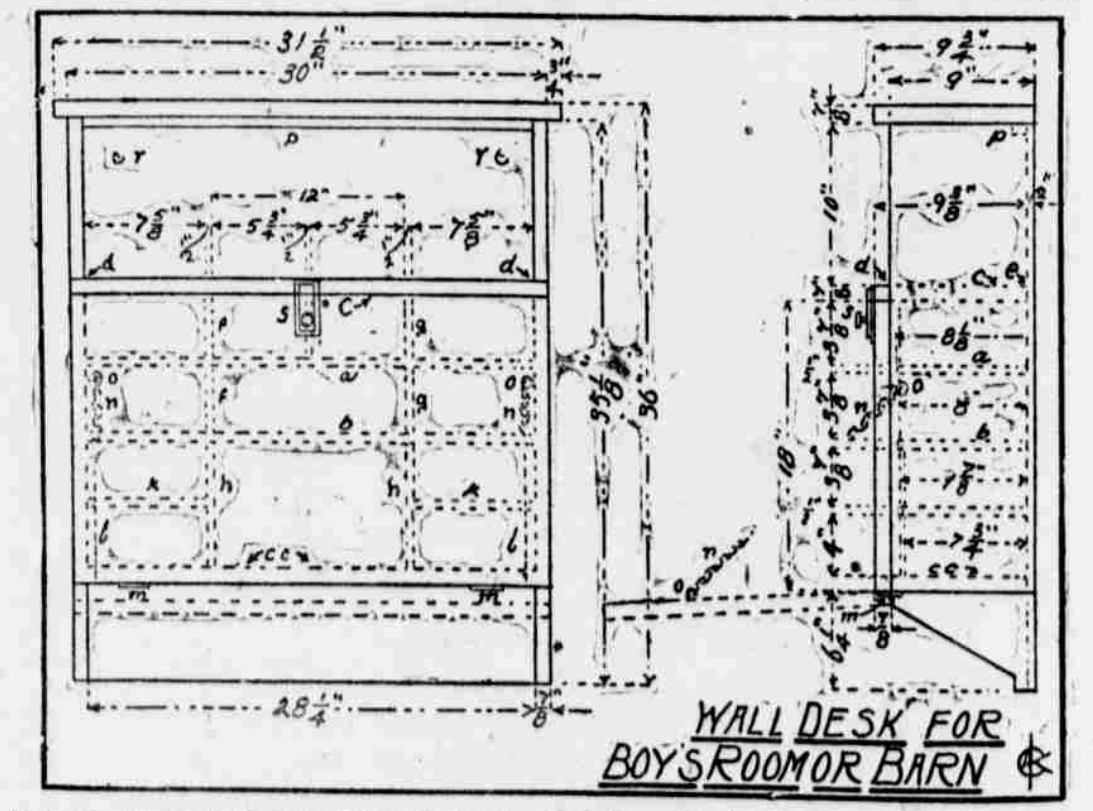
Peel, slice. Put the yellows through a sieve.

Put the rings of white around in a circle on the spinach and put the yellows in a dainty mound in the center. Garnish with a shake of paprika and serve at once.

The HANDY BOY AT HOME

BY CHARLES A. KING.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, PLYMOUTH, N.H.



The boy who wants to make a desk for his room in which he can keep his school books and papers, and the farmer who needs a place in the barn in which he can keep his stock and feed records and have a convenient place for his farm accounts, will find this desk a great help, for it can be fastened to the wall at any desired place.

It may be made of pine or of any available wood. First cut the ends $\frac{3}{4} \times 9 \times 25\frac{1}{2}$, the top $\frac{3}{4} \times 9 \times 21\frac{1}{2}$, and the bottom $\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2} \times 25\frac{1}{2}$. The two shelves $\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2} \times 25\frac{1}{2}$. The upper shelf should be $\frac{3}{4} \times 9 \times 20$ long and should be cut at $\frac{1}{4}$ so the front edge will extend from outside to outside of the case; the part against which the ends are fastened will extend to the back and be exactly the same length as the bottom of the shelves and the back. The dimensions given are based upon butting the shelves and bottom between the ends, holding them in place by nailing through the ends into them. Note that the top is $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch forward of the back edge to allow for the thickness of the $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch back. If it is desired to make a better piece of work, these shelves may be grooved, or "housed" into the ends by cutting them $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch longer and making a groove $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch deep in each end to receive them. With these shelves in place it will be "easy to fit and fasten the smaller pieces forming the pigeon holes. If it is desired to grove these in, care must be used that the grooves in the shelves to receive the upright partitions f, g and h, and in the ends of the case and partition h, are grooved to receive the shelves h before the case is fastened together and the back nailed in place, for the latter must be nailed in place to hold the case square as soon as the case is assembled, and it will be difficult to make the grooves afterward. A piece $\frac{1}{4} \times 1 \times 25\frac{1}{2}$ long at will receive the top of the back which may be of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch boards or matched casing.

The grooved construction will make a better job than the butted and will require more care and skill, but it should not be beyond the ability of any who can use ordinary tools and work to knife marks with a fair degree of accuracy.

The flap may be made of one wide board $\frac{3}{4} \times 18 \times 30$; if more than one piece is necessary, a cleat $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide should be nailed upon the ends as suggested at 2, in which case the boards should be 27 inches long. Two and one-half-inch flap hinges at m should hold the bottom edge of the flap while light chains at n and screw eyes at o will support the flap when it is lowered for use.

The desk may be stained or painted as desired and fastened to the wall by screws through the back at r. A cupboard catch at s will hold the flap in place, but a lock may be used instead, if desired.